TEA CULTURE.

RAISING THE FRAGANT LEAF IN CHINA.

Preparing the Leaves for the Market—How the Chinese Make a Cup of Tea—The Universal Beverage.

Tea, or "cha," as it is called by the Chinese, is extensively cultivated in both the temperate and tropical portions of the empire. The plant is a species of Camellia, and when growing unrestrained frequently attains the proportions of a small tree. But under cultivation it is kept pruned down to the dimensions of a shrub from two and one-half to three feet apart.

The best plantations are located on hillsides, in sandy or light soil. It flowers annually, developing a small white blossom, single and odorless. The flavor of the leaf, as might be supposed, varies according to the climate and soil in which they are grown; but the varieties exported to foreign markets, and known as green or black teas, obtain their special characteristics more through the methods employed in curing and manipulating the leaf than from the soil or locality in which they are grown. That is to say, green or black tea may be produced in any part of the country, and indiscriminately from the same leaves; but through long practice and experience it has been well ascertained which sorts can be prepared with best results in each district, and greens are now chiefly produced in the provinces of Honan and Ho Peh and in the vicinity of Canton. The best blacks—the Oolongs, Congos, and Souchongs—come principally fron Amoy, Foochow, and Formosa.

The most highly esteemed qualities are obtained from the young and tender leaves picked in April. The later pickings—the second, third, and sometimes a fourth—possess more strength and pungency of flavor, but lack in delicacy of color and aroma, in the order of their growth. For home consumption the leaves are prepared by drying in the sun, or slightly firing them in baskets over hot coals. But to enable the export tea to perserve its qualities, and to guard against the possibility of sweating as the cargoes pass through the tropics on their way to Europe, the leaves are specialy prepared and throughly dried in iron pans over hot fires.

Copper pans are never employed for this purpose, as is generally believed; nor would they, if made use of, color the leaves green by such a process, for hot, dry copper does not give off verdigris or other coloring matter, and the metal, which is kept sufficiently hot to burn the leaves, were they not continually stirred by hand, could have no possible chemical effect upon them. This point does not, however, admit of discussion, for, as stated, copper pans are never used. When first introduced into the hot pans the leaves soften, whereupon they are thrown upon tables and are then throughly rolled under the hands of the operators until the oil and acrid juices are expressed. The leaves are next dried in the sun, and again in hot iron pans, where they are kept in constant motion to prevent scorching. Common black teas (such as Congos or English breakfast teas, and Oolongs) are, besides being rubbed and rolled, allowed to undergo a species of fermentation which gives them the peculiar flavor. Green teas are treated more delicately, are more carefully classified and sorted, some grades being perfumed by the admixture of strongly scented flowers, while all are colored in imitation of the pecular bloom remaining upon the finest basket-cured teas. The coloring matter employed is of powdered gypsum, slightly tinged with Prussian blue, the quantity added to the mass of leaves being as minute as to be considered quite harmless.

The Chinese drink their tea without milk or sugar. A simple infusion is prepared by placing a few leaves in a shallow cup and pouring boiling water thereon; the cup is covered by the saucer, the liquor being sipped from the cup through the space formed by slightly tilting the saucer. The teapot is a common utensil amongst the poorer classes, who cannot afford this wasteful method of preparing the beverage. Tea is consumed by all classes and at all times. In summer the benevolent, or those who can afford it, place large tubs of tea in their houses, from which the thirsty coolies or passers-by refresh themselves.

Tea should be prepared as an infusion—never as a decoction. The latter treatment extracts and dissolves the tannic acid, the acrid oils, gums, and coloring matter of the leaf, producing a drink rank in flavor and certainly deleterious to health.

To scientifically prepare tea, a porcelain teapot, which has first been scalded with hot water, should be brought into requisition; into this throw the leaves, in the proportion of a scant teaspoonful for each large cup, not forgetting an extra dash "for the pot;" upon the leaves quickly pour boiling water—water which has not been previously boiling or simmering upon the fire, but fresh soft water brought to the boiling point for the first time; after standing (but not on the fire) three or four minutes, according to the sort of tea, the infusion is ready for drinking. This perhaps is not the customary, economical method of our housewives, but is recommended as securing the finest flavor or aroma of the leaf, and as a wholesome drink. Boiled tea is detestable and poisonous.—[Farm, Field and Stockman.

The Home of Lacemaking.

Belgium is by all odds the greatest lacemaking country in the world. Laces seem to be the favorite work of women in all parts of Europe, but no nation can compare to Belgium in the variety or fineness of the work. There are no laces made in the United States; that is for the market. Now and then some lacemakers may emigrate to this country, but if they continue in their work their products do not come into the market and really cut no figure at all. The reason for this is obvious. When one of these miserably paid toilers reaches America it does not take her long to find out that she can make many times more money than she can by her lace work, and so she will soon find other and more remunerative employment. Besides, the progress of a lacemaker is very slow. Of some kinds of laces a maker can finish, perhaps, two yards in a day; but in other kinds—those of the finest textures—she cannot make as much as an inch in a day. Those laces that are finished on pillows are the kinds that are made in the least time. Fine laces are very durable, and with proper caution will last for generations. But they require great care, because, being so very fragile, they are easily torn.—[Chicago Post.

Lightning Flashes.

Instantaneous photography has corrected many false notions which were once held in regard to rapid movements. The eye was deceived by the impressions made upon it. Many readers are aware that the movements of a horse's feet and legs in running and jumping were not understood by artists until the exact postures were caught by the camera.

No object has caused more discussion on the question whether or not we can trust the evidence of our senses, than the flash of lightning. In almost every instance and to almost every eye, the bolt seems to descend in a zigzag course. Artists always represent the flash under the form of a broken line. The ancient Greek artists showed the thunderbolt of Jove as furnished with points, the shafts of which were zigzag lines. This proves that the human eye has given the same testimony in regard to the matter for thousands of years.

Now that instantaneous photography shows that the discharge from the clouds, like that from one side to the other of a Leyden jar, is in nearly a straight line, the problem is to account for the appearance which this line presents. One of the most plausible explanations yet given is by a recent contributor to Nature.

The theory of this writer is that the common "streaming" flash, for example, is seen by us projected upon rolling masses of cumulus clouds forming a background against which the lightning is seen. As most thunder-storms are made up of such clouds, a background of that sort is not often wanting.

To test the theory, and to see if the eye is capable of correcting its own blunders, we should watch a flash from its start to the ground. Usually the clouds are piled in loose fleeces above, and there the flash should appear zigzagged, while in its lower course, against a background of rain, it should appear crinkled. If only it could be seen against a clear sky, its real path would at once be discovered.—[Youth's Companion.

French Glove Makers.

In the southern part of France, said a kid-glove expert to the Saunterer, there is a kid glove that holds its own in the market for durability and finish and compares well with the very best; but, of course, they are not altogether equal to the Paris made article. The skins for these gloves are imported from South America, and whole towns in the south of France are given up to their manufacture, as for instance Grenoble and Mileau. The glovemakers are not a very prosperous class of people. Like the lace-makers, they are poorly paid, but the latter have a harder lot in this life than the glovemakers. For instance, the glove-sewers can earn $2 a week and the glove-cutters, who are the more important of the two, receive from $1 to $1.25 a day. It is an artistic occupation to prepare these table-cut gloves, and the man or woman to whom the work is intrusted has no easy job to perform. The skins are stretched upon a table to their extreme limit and then cut. This stretching is done so that the sizes may be accurate and there may be no elasticity left in the skin to worry the wearer. It would be almost a calamity if some beauty should put on a pair of kid gloves and they should stretch out of shape before the ball or the reception is over. To prevent this, these skins are carefully stretched before the gloves are cut. In Paris the glove manufacturers are more particular on this score than in any other part of the world.—[Chicago Post.

The Birth Rate of France.

The decrease in the birth rate of France, with its effect on the future population of that country, has long been a subject of debate among its public men. Statistics have shown that this decrease has been going on for years. It now turns out that England and Wales are in a similar condition. The returns of the Registrar General for England and Wales show that the excess of births over deaths has been steadily declining for several years. In 1889 the excess was 367,224, while, according to the results of the last two census years, the increase should have been 389,423. The birth rate was also remarkably low, being 25 per thousand below the average of the previous decade, while the marriage rate has not corresponded to the increased prosperity of the country. These statistics, with the large emigration, show, in the opinion of the New York News, that in time there will cease to be an increase in the population of Great Britain, providing the ratio of decrease in birth continues. But England has more population now than she can well support, and this may be Nature's way of adjusting herself to man's requirements.

DEATH-LIKE TRANCES.

A NUMBER OF CASES OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Killed for Coming to Life Again—The Jolting of a Hearse Wakes Up the Corpse.

There is nothing more repugnant to the human mind than the awful possibility of a living person being consigned to the tomb. Nevertheless, such cases have occurred, and, unhappily, recent proofs are forthcoming that they still occur, despite the fact that in most countries precautions are now taken to prevent premature interments. In England, as a rule, the bodies of deceased persons are not buried till signs of decomposition begin to manifest themselves; and elsewhere it is enacted by law that interments must not take place till three or more days after death.

Nearly three-quarters of a century ago a somewhat gruesome book was published. The first section of its formidable title, which is too long for quotation in its entirety, runs: "The danger of premature interment proved from many remarkable instances of people who have recovered after being laid out for dead, and of others being entombed alive for want of properly being examined prior to interment." And the author submits the following grim quotation as a prelude: "To revive nailed up in a coffin! To return to life in darkness, distraction and despair! The brain can scarce sustain the reflection in our coolest moments."

Having thus, at the outset, put his readers in a dreadfully uncomfortable frame of mind, he proceeds to pile on the agony by citing numerous well authenticated cases of persons supposed to be dead coming to life. Several of these owed their restoration to consciousness to the officiousness or irreverence of friends, who, persistently declining to believe that they were absolutely dead, forced liquor down their throats. A chapter is devoted to the remarkable case of "Sir Hugh Ackland, of Devonshire, who, after being laid out as a corpse, was revived by a bumper of brandy."

Of cases on record of a bygone time we will only quote two, by reason of their exceptional peculiarity. The Hon. Mrs. Godfrey, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, while preparing for chapel on Sunday, fell down, to all appearance, dead. In spite of the positive assurances of the physicians, who declared her to be irrecoverably dead, her loving husband, Colonel Godfrey, persisted in believing that she was only in a trance. So she lay till the following Sunday, when exactly at the same hour as her seizure, just as the chapel bell was once more ringing, she awoke. She was not aware that she had been in a state of suspended animation for a week, and the first thing she did was to scold her attendants for not waking her in time to go to Church, as she had intended to do. That the restoration of an interred person to life should have a romantic sequel and result in a cause celebre seems anomalous, but such a thing did occur in the olden time.

Two neighbors living in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, who were very great friends, had respectively a son and a daughter. The young people were very much attached, and would have married had not a wealthy suitor appeared on the scene, and, with the consent of her parents, obtained the hand of the daughter. The young lady submitted, as French girls think it their duty to do in such circumstances, and she prudently declined to see her first lover any more. Melancholy, however, brought on a malady which so benumbed her faculties that she was thought to be dead, and was accordingly consigned to the grave. Her former lover, who could not believe that even then she was lost to him, persuaded the grave-digger to bring the body to his house. There he used every means to restore animation, and succeeded. Convinced that now she belonged to him, she agreed to his proposal that they should escape to England. Ten years afterwards they returned to Paris. A chance meeting between husband and wife convinced the former that the latter was still alive, though he had buried her with becoming grief. He claimed her for his own, the claim was resisted, and, despite every augment to the contrary, the Judge decided in his favor. Again the lady and lover sought happiness in flight, and they lived abroad without further molestation.

Now for some recent cases. The following one is reported from Nevada, Mo., on August 24, 1888. While the remains of twenty-three unknown dead bodies were being removed from Deepwood Cemetery, in that town, Superintendent G. V. McCain discovered a body which was partially petrified, and, from its position, evidently had been buried alive. The body was that of an infant, probably a year old, and was lying on its face with its legs drawn up and the bottom of its feet resting on the coffin lid.

Early in February, this year, the Philadelphia Press published a remarkable case, vouched for by Mr. Thomas Hooper, formerly of that city, but now a resident in New York. It is that of a lady, the wife of a musician, who, apparently, died in Media some years back. Her body was placed in a casket and taken to the church, where funeral services were held. At the close of a solemn address the minister said that all who wished might take a last look at the remains. Among those who went forward was a woman, and she, after bending earnestly over the coffin, exclaimed, "See, her eyelids quiver!" Great excitement followed, but a doctor present ridiculed the suggestion, declared that life was extinct and urged immediate interment. The husband, however, insisted on the application of restoratives, the wife was removed home, the grave clothes were stripped off, and within four days, thanks to continuous effort, she was quite well. Six years after her restoration to life, she, while singing at a musicale, was suddenly stricken with blindness, and blind she still is.

Dr. Kenneth Cornish, late surgeon to the British Royal Humane Society, knows a clergyman in London who narrowly escaped interment in Milan four years ago while in a state of catalepsy. He considers that the practice of preparing the body for burial almost immediately after death has proved fatal to the chance of life possessed by many a one whose friends would have made any sacrifice to save them. Some people have a morbid dread of being buried alive, which haunts them through life, and sometimes they devise special instructions on the subject. This was done by the late Colonel Vyner, of Leamington Priors, who died last December. His will contained a bequest of £10 to his doctor to examine him carefully after death, for the purpose of ascertaining that he was "really and undoubtedly dead," and authorized him to use whatever means he should think necessary in order to make himself absolutely certain of the fact.—[London Standard.

A GUATEMALAN BEAUTY.

How the Relict of an Assassinated Dictator Lives in New York.

Conna Francisca Apaucia vel Vescuciadiayo del Quesaltenaugo Barrios is very possibly the most interesting feminine feature of New York society at this present moment. The immense wealth, uncommon beauty and strange romantic life of the fair Guatamalanese only add to the abounding charm she possesses by right of her delightful personality. Very few who know that Mme. Barrios is the mother of seven handsome children can realize that she is only 29 years of age, has the freshness and slenderness of a girl, and adores dancing above all other forms of recreation. This is so, nevertheless, and when she appears in her thin black gowns of her choice, wearing $300,000 worth of diamonds, her Southern skin richly tinted with health and youth, the President's fair relict very generally outshines all other women present.

She lives in a palatial home on Fifth avenue, and divides her time very equally between caring for her small sons and daughters, and practicing the classical music of which she is passionately fond. Mme. Barrios has an endless train of admirers, but remains absolutely indifferent to the most brilliant men in New York. She acknowledges her fondness for society, but avows her intention of remaining faithful to the memory of her soldier husband.

The story of how the general won her hand is well known, but only her closest friends are aware of his devotion that sealed her love as a wife. It is both interesting and pathetic to hear her tell the story of how she arrayed herself in all her jewels, and, surrounded by the leading women of Guatemala, sat in a box at the theater waiting for Barrios to be proclaimed dictator. She never once doubted his success, but when the curtain fell prematurely, showing the martial picture of the President rent in twain, she knew the temper of the people too well to question the result. She was hurried out of a side entrance, her life in jeopardy, learned of the assassination of Barrios, and the next morning fled from her native land.

Mme. Barrios has two sisters unmarried and both living in New York city. They are several years younger than she is, independently wealthy, and both very brilliant types of Central American brunettes.—[Illustrated American.

Doctoring at the Drug Stores.

"There is a new way of doctoring in the city," write a pharmaceutist. "I don't mean that there are new remedies and treatments. There are young doctors whose business is not such as warrants an office, and they go about like doctors in the olden times, from pillar to post. Take it in this store, for example. I know of four young doctors who come in here at different hours and meet patients. Then the doctors go from here to other drug stores, so that by the time the day is over they have traveled a good many miles. The patients they see do not pay much, individually; they can't afford it. But they are sick and must be healed, and they are not the sort of people who go to hospitals. It is a good thing for the sick who can't afford to have doctors come to the house; it is a good thing for young doctors who are not able to pay office rent, and it is a good thing for the drug stores, for they almost invariably get to sell the medicines that are prescribed."—[New York Mercury.

Sound at Different Angles.

In some recent experiments on the range of human hearing, the ticking of a watch was distinctly audible at a distance of 10 feet on a line at right angles to the head. On moving the watch 15 degrees in front of the line, the tick could be heard 14 feet away; at an angle of 40 degrees only 6 feet, and at 55 degrees, only three feet. Placed 25 degrees back of the line the watch could not be heard beyond 6 feet. The total range of hearing was about 95 degrees, the direction of greatest acuteness being 15 degrees in front of the imaginary line through the ears. Descending from the horizontal, the hearing distance increased from 10 feet to a maximum of 12 feet at 35 degrees, and then decreased until reduced to 3 feet at 50 degrees. On carrying the watch upward the sound decreased steadily until at an angle of 60 degrees it could be heard only 3 feet away.

The Cobbler Not Extinct.

A great many people believe that the cobbler is rapidly becoming extinct. Such belief is erroneous. It is true that the improvement in machinery has made footwear so inexpensive that the man in moderate circumstances can afford to replace the old shoes with a new pair instead of seeking the cobbler as of yore. But it is a mistaken idea that the discarded boot or shoe is consigned to the rubbish heap. There are poor people who earn their daily bread by gathering up old shoes and selling them to second-hand dealers. The dealers seek out the cobblers, have the discarded shoes put into presentable shape, and find customers for them—men and women who can pay from 50c. to $1 for a pair of shoes or boots who would be compelled to "walk on their uppers" if called upon to produce twice or thrice the amount named. The cobbler may have lost prestige, but he is not nor will he be, in this generation, extinct.

neighbor's boys and gave him hurried directions about his study and the probable location of the sermon, and sent him post-haste to get it and return as fast as possible.

The service proceeded and still the boy did not appear. The young preacher was in agony. He had never preached without notes, and the perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead as he wondered what he would do if the sermon did not come.

Finally, just as the last stanza of the hymn which preceded the sermon was being sung, the boy appeared, rushed up the aisle conspicuously and handed the minister his manuscript. The clergyman took the package nervously, opened it, and during profound stillness, announced the text. Not until he had spoken it, did the meaning of it flash over him. It was this:

"Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost!"

This was too much for the audience. The people laughed outright. But the lesson was a good one for the minister, who never forgot his sermon again while in that parish.—*Youth's Companion.*

An Island Washing Away.

The empire is in imminent danger of losing another of its minor possessions—to wit, Sable Island. The captain of the Canadian Government steamer Newfield, who has just been paying an official visit to this little island on the extreme South coast of Nova Scotia, reports that the land is fast disappearing before the encroaching sea. In the days when the venturesome Marquis de la Roche, following the example of the illustrious Cartier, sought to establish a French convict colony on the island, it measured a good forty miles in length.

Within the last ten years two lighthouses have been washed away, and the sea is now eating into the sand which surrounds the third.—[Pall Mall Budget.

—Mr. Henry George said, during a recent visit to the Social Reform Wing of the Salvation Army in England, he had come to see for himself the beginning of the Army's noble attempt to grapple with this great social problem. He was rejoiced to see that its leaders at any rate recognized that it was not by virtue of God's law that any man willing to work should be unable to find work. He was sure the Almighty never intended destitution, starvation or poverty to be the lot of mankind. In God's sight all men were equal, they were alike created by Him, and were entitled to enjoy the reward of honest labor. Until this fact was recognized, and the laws made by man relating to the land which was given by the Almighty to man were altered, they might expect to have to contend with such a state of society as they had at present.

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